FOLKLORE COLLECTION

F201 Mrs. Cord

by Alan Reeves

1-10-1969

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INFORMANT Linda Donoghue

AGE 20

DATE November 1968

GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH

Pink Pajamas

I wear my pink pajamas in the summer when it's hot.

I wear my woolen undies in the winter when it's not.

Sometimes in the winter and the spring and the fall,

I jump in between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Linda told me this selection one evening when we were parked on a country road.

Alan R. Reeves
1222 N. Lindsay
10-21-48
Kokomo, Indiana
Mrs. Cord
Folklore 201
Indiana University Kokomo

INFORMANT Jim Wren

AGE 23

DATE 1967

THE LEHIGH VALLEY

Don't look at me that way, stranger,
I didn't shit in your seat.
I just come down from the mountains
With my balls all covered with sleet.

I've been up in the Lehigh Valley,
Me and my old pal, Lous,
A-pimping for a whorehouse
And a God-damned good one too.

It was there that I first fucked Nellie;
She was the village belle.
I was only a low down pander
But I loved that girl like hell.

But along came a city slicker,
All handsome, gay and rich.
Ane he stole away my Nellie,
That stinkin' son-of'a-bitch.

I'm just restin' my ass a moment,
And then I'm on my way.
I'll hunt the runt that swiped my cunt
If it takes till judgement day.

Jim told me this selection a couple of years ago while we were eating lunch together. He lives on Market St. In Kokomo, Ind.

Alan R. Reeves
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INFORMANT Lambda Chi Alpha

AGE

DATE Dec. 1966

THESE THINGS REMIND ME OF YOU

Ten pounds of booby in a loose brazier. A twat that twitches like a mooses ear. Jaculatöons in my bottle of beer. These thi: remind me of you.
A trojan rubber with a nipple tip. A syphlis scab upon my bottom lip. A slimey scrodum in my onion dip.
A bloody fetus on a marble slab. A toothless blow job in a taxi cab. A rick hard pinus with a syphliss scab.
These things remind me of you.

Rush party.

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INFORMANT Lambda Chi Alpha
AGE November 1966
DATE

I LOVE MY GIRL

I love my girl yes I do, yes I do. I love her truly. I love the hole she pisses through. I love her ruby red lips and her lilly white tits and the hair around her ass hole. I'd eat her shit! Whoof Whoof, Whoof if she asked me to.

Rush party.

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Randy Reel

INFORMANT 19

AGE November, 1968

DATE

Parody on "St. Louis Woman"

St. Louis woman, she had a yen for men;

She went to bed with a fountain pen.

The rubber busted and the ink ran wild.

St. Louis woman, she had a blue-black child.

Oh, yes.

Randy sang this song at a party at his house, 2126 N. Buckeye, Kokomo, Indiana.

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INFORMANT Randy Reel

AGE 19

DATE November, 1968

PARODY ON "SWEET ADELINE"

Sweet Antoinette, your pants are wet.

You say it's sweat, It's piss I'll bet.

You're in my dreams, your bare ass gleams.

Your're the wrecker of my pecker, Antoinette.

Randy taught me this song at a drinking party.

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INFORMANT **Randy Reel**

AGE **19**

DATE **December, 1968**

Parody on "You are my Sunshine"

The other night, dear, as we lay sleeping,

I could not help it; I lost control.

And now you wonder just why I'm leaving.

You will find out in nine months or so.

Randy sang this at his party one night.

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INFORMANT Self

AGE 20

DATE

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Frankie was a fucky hussy,
That's what all the pricks said.
And they kept her so damn busy,
She never got out of bed.
He was her man,
But he done her wrong.

Frankie hung a sign on her door;
"No more fish for sale,"
Then she went looking for Johnny
To give him all her kale.
He was her man,
But he done her wrong.

I picked this song up sometime, but I'm not sure where.

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INFORMANT Self

AGE 20

DATE

RED WING

There once was an Indian maid,
Who was a whore by trade.
For a dime at a whack,
She'd lie on her back,
And let the cowboys shove it up her crack.
One day to her surprise,
Her belly began to rise.
Her cunt gave a grunt
And out jumped a runt
With the balls between his eyes.

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